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## ACCORDING TO DJOJOBOJO

TARZIE VITACHI: *The Fall of Sukarno*. 191pp. André Deutsch. 30s.

After a long period of subjection to a white race, the Japanese will be freed after a yellow race drives away the white race. Then Java will be ruled by a man graced by *sukri* (supernatural power). After twenty years this man will lose his *sukri* and then will come a time of madness in which Java will experience upheavals of such intensity that the population will be reduced to half its previous number. The Chinese will be beaten into a corner and the white race will be reduced to a pair. After the time of madness, will end a new man with *sukri* and a Rain Ad (prince of justice) whose rule will set the beginnings of a new era of peace, justice and prosperity for the people of Java.

So runs the fourteenth-century prophecy of King Djojobojo, the Nostromanus of the Javanese. His predictions are known and believed by every man and woman in Java. It is thus hardly surprising that the events of the past twenty-five years should have been widely interpreted as the fulfilment of the prophecy of King Djojobojo. In 1942 a yellow race, the Japanese, did indeed drive out a white race, the Dutch, who had dominated Java for centuries. Sukarno ruled Java after the defeat of Japan, and whatever the faults of his later years, few would deny that he welded the disparate populations of the Indonesian archipelago into

anything like a nation required exceptional powers. But the magic wore off and in September, 1965, twenty years and a few weeks after the defeat of Japan, an abortive communist coup brought on prematurely by a report of Sukarno's death, ended his dictatorship. Then followed a time of madness, in which at least half a million people were slaughtered and in which Chinese political influence was ended, and the emergence of General Suharto, the Sultan of Djogjakarta as the new leader of the nation. Suharto, a deeply religious man, owed his life on the night of the coup to the fact that he was away from his house engaged in meditation as instructed by his guru.

Not the least of the merits of Mr. Vitachi's book is that in telling his story he makes due allowance for the beliefs of its actors. "What is significant", he says, "is not so much that the prophecy was proved, but that everyone who knew it believed that it would work out in just that way, and even felt that it was necessary to play his role to fulfil that destiny. The time of madness was therefore inevitable—and indeed necessary according to this way of feeling and thinking, and the mass killing was not a matter for sentimentality and horror

but for sympathy and contemptuous acceptance." The downfall of Sukarno is indeed a most complex story, and at the same time an enthralling and a pitiful one. Tarzie Vitachi, born in Ceylon and for many years editor of the *Ceylon Observer*, was forced into exile for outspoken criticism of the Rindramatke Government after writing *Uncle Sam's* '58, his account of the race riots in Ceylon. He became Asian Director of the International Press Institute in Kuala Lumpur and from there developed close links with Indonesia which gave him access to Diakarta when all foreign correspondents were banned. He is thus well-qualified both psychologically and in other ways to elucidate Indonesian events. *The Fall of Sukarno* is a clear and careful piece of research which comes as close to the truth as is likely to be possible for some years to come, and it is bound to be widely read. The commendable speed at which it has been produced must excuse the mis-spellings of Javanese words which some will find irritating. An index, brief notes on the main actors and a short glossary might, however, be regarded as indispensable in view of the part played in the story by slogans and ephemeral movements with bewildering names.

The coup of September, 1965, was not of course the end of Sukarno's

power. For years he had, in his position by playing off the other, the communists against him to give the task of liquidating their communist power. But in theory he could have withdrawn the powers he granted, the manoeuvres by which he did this were thwarted first by Sukarno's own indecision, and finally by Suharto's more and more determined to ruin himself, all doing. In fact Sukarno believed in India's "second Rivalry" of 1943-45. With his Ardiatje angle of vision, he naturally concentrates on the centrifugal forces of the Dual Monarchy, while Professor May, unflinching by personal experience of a racial frontier, finds the centrifugal forces more congenial. Professor Dedjier, companion and biographer of Tito, is a Bosnian Serb. "The Sarajevo legend", he writes, "has tormented me from my early childhood. One of my uncles... was a Young Bosnian who was killed at the age of nineteen... I continued studying and during the Second World War... during the night marches of our Partisan brigades through the mountains of Bosnia."

Already by 1949, Professor Dedjier tells us, 3,000 books and pamphlets had been written on the Sarajevo assassination. He has now added another, and a long one. It is the fruit of exhaustive study of the literature in many languages, and of prolonged research in the archives of Yugoslavia, western Europe and the United States. Yet little that was not already known, except in detail, emerges. His book need not be read, for example, for its assessment of Francis Ferdinand, nor for its discussion on tyrannicide, nor for its re-examination of the responsibility of the Serbian and other governments in 1914, nor for its refutation of the many wild conspiratorial theories to which the assassination gave birth. On all these questions it merely retraces familiar ground. Professor Dedjier's distinctive contribution, which justifies the publication of his book, lies in the chapters devoted to the Bosnian and Serbian background to the character and careers of the conspirators, and to the hour-by-hour preparations for what he rightly calls "one of the most amateurish re-enactments of modern times". His most interesting pages are those in which he analyses the primitive rebelliousness and "tribal social psychology" of the Young Bosnian. He paints a moving picture of the students and schoolboys who, unwittingly, precipitated a world war. Their motives were a poetic craving for heroism and martyrdom, and a selfless patriotism deeply rooted in the folklore of the Serbian people. Like Francis Ferdinand's assassin, Gavril Princip, Professor Dedjier clearly feels the sufferings of this earlier generation of his people as if they were his own. Many readers will regret that he has been so successful in constructing his native passion within the straitjacket of dispassionate scholarship.

Professor May's book is a sequel in depth to his *Hapsburg Monarchy*, the best introductory textbook on the subject in the English language. He deals systematically, in lucid if pedestrian style, with every aspect of Austria-Hungary's wartime experience: military operations, diplomacy, public opinion and the home front (including even literature and the theatre) and the growing menace of the subject nationalities. His main source is the Austro-Hungarian state archives in Vienna to which, indeed, he clings on occasions with somewhat pedantic exactness. These are sup-

VLADIMIR DEDJIER: *The Road to Sarajevo*. 550pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £3 3s.ARTHUR J. MAY: *The Passing of the Hapsburg Monarchy 1914-1918*. Volume One, 496pp. Volume Two, pp. 97-864. University of Pennsylvania Press. London: Oxford.LEO VALIANI: *La Dissoluzione dell'Austria-Ungheria*. 506pp. Biblioteca di Storia Contemporanea. Milan: Il Saggiatore.

## THE FALL OF THE HABSBURGS

These three books on the last years of Austria-Hungary offer an instructive variety of approach and interpretation. Professor May, the judicious and meticulous American scholar, observes events mainly with the eyes of Vienna, the centre of Habsburg power. Professor Valiani and Professor Dedjier write from the periphery, being citizens of states which inherited part of the Habsburg legacy. Both have been men of action as well as scholars, and have had their lives directly shaped by the events which they describe. The former, born in Fiume under Hungarian rule, played a distinguished role in Italy's "second Risorgimento" of 1943-45. With his Ardiatje angle of vision, he naturally concentrates on the centrifugal forces of the Dual Monarchy, while Professor May, unflinching by personal experience of a racial frontier, finds the centrifugal forces more congenial. Professor Dedjier, companion and biographer of Tito, is a Bosnian Serb. "The Sarajevo legend", he writes, "has tormented me from my early childhood. One of my uncles... was a Young Bosnian who was killed at the age of nineteen... I continued studying and during the Second World War... during the night marches of our Partisan brigades through the mountains of Bosnia."

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plemented by the diplomatic archives of Germany and the United States and by a conscientious scrutiny of the leading organs of the Vienna press. The Vienna viewpoint is dominant. Because Professor May is dependent on the German language, his grip is less sure when he deals with Hungary and the outer regions of the Monarchy. He justly stresses Austria-Hungary's positive achievement in promoting "security, economic well-being and cultural betterment" over a great area of central and eastern Europe. Professor Dedjier's heroic "primitive rebels" are for Professor May "criminal revolutionary nationalists" and their posthumous elevation by Yugoslav governments into national heroes is "wanton glorification". The peoples of the Habsburg Monarchy, he implies, have to this day never known such happiness as they enjoyed before 1914. Much of this may be accepted. But it is history has condemned Austria-Hungary, it has been on grounds, not of tyranny or lack of enlightenment but of political bankruptcy. On this point, though he acknowledges it, Professor May says disappointingly little.

Professor Valiani by contrast is explicit. After 1907 he points out, nothing was done to tackle the corrosive national problems of the empire. Francis Ferdinand hatched schemes for breaking the deadlock but never had the chance to test their practicality. Even after the outbreak of war this intransigence continued, both in internal affairs and less extensively in diplomacy. Professor May accepts the Austrian argument that in attacking Serbia in July, 1914, Austria-Hungary was obeying "the iron law of self-preservation". But it was also an act of suicide. The supreme folly was to go to war without first making sure of Italy. As Professor Valiani shows in his brilliant chapter on the Austro-Italian negotiations of 1914-15, the Aus-

trians threw away the strongest cards in their hands. By mid-April, 1915, they knew the terms on which Giolitti was prepared to form a government that would keep Italy neutral. Yet they waited another month before making the necessary concession, by which time Giolitti was powerless to hold his country back. If Italy had been boldly brought off in 1915, it is a reasonable speculation that Austria-Hungary could have saved herself by a compromise peace in 1916-17. But in May, 1915, as on other occasions in her history, Austria arrived "one hour late".

On one important point Professor May and Professor Valiani, from their very different viewpoints, agree. In 1914, and indeed as late as the autumn of 1916, no one of importance thought of destroying Austria-Hungary, neither the British nor the French nor the Russians nor the Italians nor, least of all, the Serbs. The first Allied statesman to proclaim national self-determination as a war aim was the Italian democrat, Leonida Visconti, in October, 1916. But even he for the rest of the war was in a minority in his own government and systematically obstructed by his Foreign Minister, Sonnino, to whom self-determination was anathema. If the foreign enemies of Austria-Hungary were for so long indifferent to the aim of destroying her, so was the overwhelming majority of her own subject nationalities. In the first years of the war only a handful of emigrants—Masaryk, Benes, Stefanik, Stupica, Trumbic—had dared to hoist the flag of national liberation. It was hardly unreasonable for Sonnino and those who thought like him to write off such men as "representing nobody". The friends on whom they could rely were pitifully few: the New Europe group of Seton-Watson, and Steed in Britain, the Mazzinian democrats in Italy and a handful of scholarly Slavophiles in France. Yet

Ediciones Rialp, Madrid, have published a fourth edition of Guillermo Morón's *Historia de Venezuela* in their series "Manuales de Historia de América" of which Señor Morón is the general editor. The book is intended mainly as a textbook.

## EASTERN APPROACHES

CHARLES B. MCLEANE: *Soviet Strategies in Southeast Asia*. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University.

This is a massive book, characteristic of American scholarship at its most serious and its most thorough; yet Professor McLane has been hard put to it indeed to fill more than 500 pages with information and discussion on the question of Soviet policy towards South-east Asia during the age of Stalin and Lenin, for the good and sufficient reason that in this period such policy was rudimentary to say the least. South-east Asia, all of it with the exception of Thailand under European or American colonial rule, was but peripheral to a very real Soviet interest in China and Japan. Soviet theorists and statesmen were aware of the existence of the region, of course; and there were South-east Asians who were profoundly influenced by developments in communist ideology in Russia and elsewhere; but none of this could have been said before 1945 to have given rise to any

clear Soviet strategy. The strange negative quality of the book in contrast to McLane's earlier and excellent *Soviet Policy and the Chinese Communists*, 1931-46. This is the product of Professor McLane, and should in no way be taken as a reflection on his scholarship, is of the highest order.

What Professor McLane achieved, however, is of great value. In the first place he produced an extremely useful survey of communist movements and activities throughout South-east Asia from 1919 until the 1950s, each detailed chapter being followed by clear and simple summaries. In second place he has shown by an exhaustive examination of Soviet sources how South-east Asia was seen in this period through

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## "NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR KEYNES"

ROBERT LEKACHMAN: *The Age of Keynes*. 265pp. Allen Lane, The Penguin Press. 42s.

To any economist who knew Keynes this will seem a puzzling, inadequate book. The dust-jacket declares: "As fundamental a revolutionary as Freud or Marx, Keynes rewrote the language of economics for the Western world." Agreed: he denounced "the conventional wisdom" that prescribed depression and deflation for economic recovery, and showed a way to mop up idle human and capital resources, at least in advanced industrial countries. Inside the dust jacket we are told that the book is "the biography of a mind and its influence, the first full-length study for fifteen years of John Maynard Keynes, whose theories have governed economic practice for more than three decades." Not quite agreed: economic practice in advanced countries only, and then not always there—for example, western Germany, France, Belgium, and now Britain under Mr. Wilson, Mr. Callaghan and their official and unofficial advisers. True, Dr. Lekachman points out the lapses from the strait and narrow Keynesian path both in the United States (especially under Eisenhower, but also under J.F.K. and L.B.J.) and in Britain since Labour's victory in October, 1964. But the puzzle, the inadequacy and the disarticulation of the book arise from a set of paradoxes.

First, it is in no sense a biography, not of Keynes's mind at any rate. Up to page 96 we are given a rather superficial version both of Keynes's life and works which we might think suitable for American or Continental European readers. But from page 96 to page 225 "we" become obviously Americans familiar with the New Deal, wartime finance seen from the States, and postwar full-employment problems under various governments up to and including L.B.J.'s. The last thirty pages of the book revert to Keynes's ideas but, again, mainly in the American context (though critical of Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Callaghan's decision to buttress the prevailing sterling-dollar exchange rate through domestic deflation). Phrases like "here" or "in this context" mean America, American institutions and their powers or limitations are taken for granted (e.g., interest-free, "anti-trust", "the Fed", &c.). By the time we reach the last page we are wondering just what the author set out to show or do. This is a beautifully produced, fairly costly book in a new series. But it is one-third of the length, and contains one hundredth or less of the careful analysis and detail of Sir Roy Harrod's *Life of John Maynard Keynes* which is available in paperback at seven shillings less, and in hardback at only one guinea more. Nor is that all. Students of Keynes's work will find it better, more fully, more adequately analysed, criticized, and presented in Harrod's biography than in the first ninety-six pages of this one. And after sixteen years that is a criticism all the more trenchant since Dr. Lekachman has written *A History of Economic Ideas* and was editor of *Keynes and the Classics* and *Keynes's General Theory: Reports of Three Decades*.

But that is only one paradox. Even more puzzling are the author's idiosyncratic judgments, almost asides, throughout. High British civil servants at work in Whitehall since 1945 will wince at reading that "the administrative grade" offers them "consistently... careers of influence, public position, and generous financial compensation." Was Keynes "as much" a man of action as a man of thought? He did a lot, but surely he was always first and foremost for the life of the mind. Was he plain to the point of homeliness (in the American sense of that word)? Many women and men still alive do not think so. What quirk of language is it that makes Dr. Lekachman (and his publishers and proof-readers) allow through such solecisms as this sentence about Keynes's civil service examination results: "on these he placed second"—or again, "coal consumption was on the order of 139 million tons"? Is it fair to Keynes to write of a "third unpleasant possi-

bility in the use of savings" as "that savings might imply he wasted" when what he said and meant was always that they might be hoarded, and not just spent? Is the author's tongue in his cheek when he writes "economics is a subject in which bad theory is preferable to no theory at all"? It hardly seems so, since he is writing of Proust and Robertson in the next sentence. Surely "economic theory", *tout court*, has not "habitually based its explanations of human behaviour" on "imputing to the labourer the maximising, rational, calculating tendencies". Rather has it assumed that the rational and irrational, the maximising and for that matter minimising (if any) tendencies, offset or cancelled each other, permitting generalization to be made whenever and wherever a large enough "market" could be discerned. Is it adequate to discuss at some length Keynes's contribution over interest rates, and then to write about the world after his death as if persistent national inflation and overfull employment policies had not raised the new problem of the real rate of interest, and the falling rate of real return on investment, and the real value of capital employed in a nationalized or private enterprise? The author says Adam Smith "asked" if the prudence of a head of a family was an adequate or acceptable model for the conduct of a great nation. He did not; he flatly stated that what was prudence in such a man's family conduct could "seem folly" in that of a great kingdom. Nor did Keynes ever write or say that thrift, in the sense of abstention from exercising purchasing power on immediate consumption, had "little to do with the matter" of liquidity and investment. He emphasized that for the State and companies, as for individuals, to get the "liquidity preference" realized in actual liquid funds presupposed thrift in this sense. What you did with them from then on, once liquid—whether you speculated, hoarded, or invested, or bludged the lot—depended on a concatenation of circumstances, over only which the State had more or less control. Dr. Lekachman provides a corrective retrospection. Neither the British under the emperors, nor the Americans under the emperors, were Keynesians. We are well reminded by *Blair* (*The Times*, November 14) that even after the forced postwar credits, they only averaged of £12m a year. Nor would a British or American government have had become the forced ally of the public sector as carried by the experience of G.N.P. now being the public sector as carried by the book makes one of whom it was written. And cybernetics as an employment, sums of private landownership, controls, anti-trust legislation (while British encourages them), "guiding" wages and prices (though incomes policy), all these more file past the book against an American over-buckled—save in the pugilist when Mr. Wilson's Callaghan's career (but Mr. 1966!) are described and criticized by implication, like a hash of articles from high-minded American press and, like those, it dates.

This journal's front-page on April 6 referred to a "scholarship and grace-ship". This book about it certainly was not more should, and could, have been much better.

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## PSYCHOCRITICAL

CHARLES MAURON: *Le Dernier Daubelaire*. 188pp. Paris: José Corti. 12 fr.

This study of the *Petits poèmes en prose* is the last book by the expatriate of *la psychocritique*, who died a short time ago. Charles Mauron's work was much debated in the recent critical controversy stirred up by the difference of opinion between M. Raymond Picard and M. Roland Barthes and, in a "Note-Annexe" at the end of this little volume, Mauron fires a parting shot from beyond the bourne of life, in order to defend the Freudian *psychocritique* he exemplified in such books as *L'Introduction à la psychanalyse de Mallarmé*, *L'Inconscient dans l'œuvre de la vie de Racine* and *Mythologies obscures* and *des Mémoires obscures* and *des Mémoires obscures*.

This brings us back to the question which underlay the whole of the recent controversy: what should literary criticism be about—biography, objective principles of literary excellence, the relationship of the writer to his society and times, the complexities of his psychological make-up in themselves or as they influence his writing, or the individual significance and quality of the particular work? Clearly, if criticism has an independent function, it should deal with the latter subject. But perhaps it will always remain a hybrid genre, because works of art—even masterpieces—are so often hybrids, in which the artist has struck a precarious balance between his life and his aspirations, his conscious intentions and his unconscious drives, his individual sensibility and his social conditioning. We would not be interested in Daubelaire, nor would we now have much information about him, if he had not written a number of masterpieces. But his life and mind are such a fascinating tangle that once we become concerned with them we may take the masterpieces as data rather than as self-evident works of art. Such a tendency is definitely discernible in Mauron's approach, as it is in a great deal of recent writing about all the complex figures of French literature. We now have a vast body of literary psychoanalysis—Freudian, Existentialist, Structuralist or merely common-sensical—for the simple reason that writers, especially famous ones, usually leave more tangible evidence behind them than ordinary mortals do, and therefore make rich subjects for speculation. This is all very absorbing, but we should perhaps keep reminding ourselves that it is not criticism in the purest sense.

## HOFMANNSTHAL LETTERS

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL, EDGAR KARG VON BEBENBURG: *Briefwechsel*. Edited by Mary E. Gilbert. 255pp. DM.24. HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL, ARTHUR SCHNITZLER: *Briefwechsel*. Edited by Theresie Nickel and Heinrich Schnitzler. 411pp. DM.29. Frankfurt: S. Fischer.

Correspondence was for Hugo von Hofmannsthal the natural, necessary, and in later years almost the chief form of communication with his friends; he would give to the writing of a private letter hardly less care than to an essay intended for publication. Again and again he honoured his correspondents with models of well-found, sensitive prose, and the pleasure is, if anything, heightened when one comes unexpectedly across those occasional outbursts of anger and irritation where the words come tumbling out and jostle each other in endless sentences as if he were afraid to hold up the stream of pent-up emotion, in complete contrast to his normal, somewhat self-conscious and elaborate style.

Only once so far, in the years immediately after the poet's death, has an attempt been made to bring out a representative selection from what must surely have been one of the most attractive (as well as prolific) letter-writers in the German language of the past 100 years. Once these two volumes, which did not go beyond the year 1909 and so left untouched the most weighty last twenty years of his life, had gone out of print they are now very scarce, a new method of publication was adopted that of assembling, in independent volumes, all the letters exchanged with individual correspondents that have been preserved. This had the advantage of offering the reader a far more rounded and coherent picture of Hofmannsthal's relations with particular persons, but it looks like depriving him still, almost forty years after the poet's death, of all knowledge of some of the most important letters, in favour of those most readily and easily available for complete publication, but of less inherent significance.

The latest addition to the corpus, the correspondence with Edgar Karg von Bebenburg, is a case in point. For all Hofmannsthal's sincere attachment to this young naval officer who died before he was able to fulfil his early promise it is doubtful whether the full exchange of letters with him adds much to our understanding of the poet's mind at the vital period of his lyrical output that was not already in the few extracts printed, though in somewhat garbled versions, in the selection of thirty years ago. Some of the best letters written to Arthur Schnitzler, who for many years belonged to Hofmannsthal's circle of close friends, had also appeared there and were later amplified in *Die Neue Rundschau*. Even if full publication in this case had not been necessitated by Schnitzler's testamentary proviso that all letters, including casual notes, should, if at all, be printed in *extenso*, it seems more justified, if only for the fairly frank, critical views both writers expressed about each other's work and the renewed interest in Schnitzler's plays and stories. This volume also contains references to the progress of numerous dramatic projects which remained fragmentary at Hofmannsthal's death and this makes one more than ever look forward to the long-promised publication of his *Nautilus*.

One or two further volumes of correspondence, especially that with Leopold von Andrian, are announced for early publication, but what look like some of the most revealing letters are still outstanding, including those to Max Reinhardt and to the philosopher Gadamer, by whose advice and guidance Hofmannsthal set very high store. Perhaps, in the circumstances, the time may have come for a new selection, drawing on the whole period of the poet's life and on the widest possible circle of his correspondence.

## PROUST, GIDE, CAMUS

ANDRÉ GIDE: *The White Notebook*. Translated by Wade Baskin. 68pp. Peter Owen. 25s.

ROBERT DE LUPIPPE: *Albert Camus*. Translated by John Cumming and J. Hargreaves. 101pp. Merlin Press. 21s.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS: *From Proust to Camus*. Translated by Carl Morse and Renaud Bruce. 368pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42s.

The main question is undoubtedly "Why?" Not why should Gide have cast his doubts about the projected marriage with his cousin into the form of the *Cahiers d'André Walter*, nor why Robert de Lupippe should have published in 1951 the first critical account of Camus's work to appear in France, nor why André Maurois should have given a series of lectures on modern French authors to American students. But why three separate English publishers should have commissioned translations of these works, when the first can really be of interest only to specialists capable of reading Gide in French, when the second has been largely superseded by equally compact but more up-to-date studies, and the third, charming and urbane though Mr. Maurois is, shows so little knowledge of recent criticism that it recommends Edmund Wilson's *Art of the Novel* as offering "the best critical analysis of Proust's life, character and work."

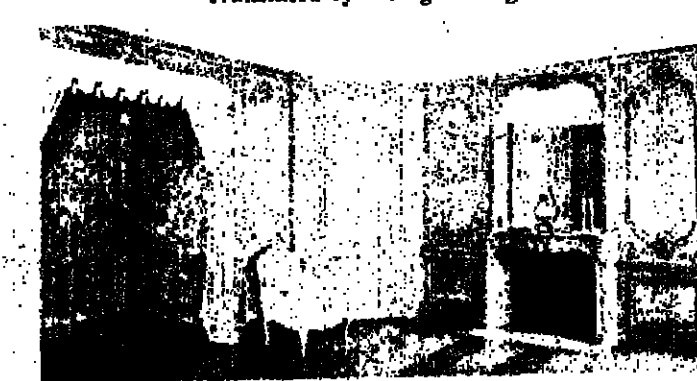
The first answer, of course, is that thousands of undergraduates study French at our universities, and it is unthought that some of them prefer to read about their set authors in English. Certainly none of their dons would risk the critical censure from his colleagues by setting down his views on fifteen major authors in one volume, and when M. Maurois's book eventually appears in paperback it will doubtless be found on many an undergraduate bookshelf. He has something interesting to say about each of the authors he studies, and one can feel only admiration for the man who, at eighty-one, can still write with sympathy and understanding on so many different topics. May the gods grant him his wish to have time enough to complete his "com-

prehensive survey of French literature during the first half of the twentieth century"—but may they also give him a research student to check his bibliography. There is less certainty about the merits of M. de Lupippe's book and Mr. Wade Baskin's translation of *Le Cahier blanc*. To present *Le Cahier blanc* without either the accompanying *Cahier noir* or Gide's 1930 preface is to leave the job half done, and it is doubtful, to take just one of Mr. Baskin's phrases, whether "Par dessus le défilé de la mort, l'amour plane" is best translated by "Love transcends mourning and death." The notes to this translation are also a little scrappy, and Mr. Baskin quotes Gide's remark that Madeleine "became Alissa" without apparently understanding what it means; that, partly in reaction against the way her husband behaved, Madeleine Gide withdrew into the narrow puritanism criticized in *La Porte étroite*.

The most obvious weakness of M. de Lupippe's book is indicated by the note pointing out that John Cumming, one of the translators, has added an account of *La Chute* in order to bring the study up to date. No one, apparently, thought that a similar note might be needed on the important volume of short stories, *L'Épil et le Rouvenne*, or on the *Cahiers*, or on the adaptations of Dostoevsky's *The Devils* and Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun*. Mr. Cumming's analysis of *La Chute* is in many ways more subtle and perceptive than M. de Lupippe's highly schematized account of Camus's early work, but it is not enough to justify the translation of this incomplete and out-of-date book.

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# MANDELSHTAM AND ZABOLOTSKY

## TWO RUSSIAN REDISCOVERIES

THE REDISCOVERY of Mandelstam has now reached its penultimate stage. It may be said to have begun with a small collected volume put out by the Chekhov Publishing House, New York, in 1955; it will be completed when the Soviet authorities overcome their (by now ridiculous) vacillations sufficiently to permit their long-awaited Mandelstam edition to see the light of day. Then the poet may at length be accepted as he deserves in his own land; while with any luck the few remaining gaps in our knowledge of his life and work will be filled.

Already his name has ceased to be the exotic password of cognoscenti and is probably known to most people in the West who, without being Russian specialists, take a reasonable interest in modern literature. In the Soviet Union his name is once more quoted and (since 1962) isolated poems of his have been published. By sheer force of quality his undramatic poetry, little enough known in the 1920s, half-forgotten since then, misunderstood in both East and West, without noisy adherents or even spectacular excellences of its own, has established itself next to that of Blok, Pasternak, Mayakovsky, Akhmatova and Khlebnikov as a major expression of the Silver Age of Russian verse.

With the publication by Professor Gleb Struve and Mr. Boris Filippov of Mandelstam's Russian-language *Collected Works* his place can no longer be in doubt. The edition is admirable: with three introductory articles (in English by Clarence Brown, in Russian by Professor Struve and E. Rais), copious annotations, and extracts from other literary sources relevant to individual poems placed helpfully among the notes. Its defects (apart from a few misprints) are not the fault of the editors: firstly, it cannot claim completeness in the present state of affairs—for example (alas) only six letters from Mandelstam's personal correspondence are given us. Secondly, we have to take the authenticity of a large number of poems (nearly half those printed here) on trust, as they were unpublished in the poet's lifetime and are taken from manuscripts brought to the West. Yet these poems are easily believable as authentic Mandelstam, if only—paradoxically—because they move away from the manner of his early published volumes; they become less cold and chiselled, more varied, allusive, personal and closer to the life of his epoch.

This is the sort of edition that should cause literary histories to be rewritten. At a fundamental level it gives the lie to a strange remark that opens discussion of the poet in the standard Mirsky-Whitfield reference book: 'Ostap Mandelstam... is one of the least prolific of poets'. But Mirsky and Whitfield at least remark in passing on the high quality of Mandelstam's prose. This is a poet's prose, balanced, mannered and allusive. It constitutes the bulk of Struve's and Filippov's second volume: it includes memorable autobiographical and literary-critical essays, together with a most interesting work which has been called the only true surrealist novel in Russian, *The Egyptian Stamp*. The English reader can be glad that it has now been translated by Professor Clarence Brown.

OSIP MANDELSHTAM: *Collected Works*. Edited by G. P. Struve and B. A. Filippov. Vol. I. 553pp. Vol. II. 670pp. Washington: Inter-Language Literary Associates. Distributed by A. Neimann, Munich. 30s. each.

*The Poet of Osh Mandelstam*. The Poet of Time. Translated with a critical essay, by Clarence Brown. 209pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2.

R. N. GRAYSON (Editor): *Yozhizhnyy puti* (Aerial Ways). 304pp. Published by the author. Produced by Rausen Language Division, New York.

NIKOLAI ZABOLOTSKY: *Poems*. Edited by G. P. Struve and B. A. Filippov. 368pp. New York: Inter-Language Literary Associates. Distributed by A. Neimann, Munich. 28s. *Stikhovorenitya* (Poems). Edited by A. M. Turkov. 504pp. Moscow: Sovetskoye pisatel. 93 kopeks.

ence Brown in a small, elegant and perhaps over-priced volume, *The Poet of Osh Mandelstam* (unusually since besides *The Egyptian Stamp* it contains no more than two autobiographical pieces). It is a particularly valuable book for Professor Brown's long introduction, during which he unravels the strange blend of fact, fiction and nightmare in *The Egyptian Stamp* and thereby makes its sense accessible (as it surely would not otherwise have been) to the Western reader. One thing mars the book: a barbarously oversophisticated system (or systems) of transliteration, which will irritate equally, though differently, both Russian specialist and layman. But transliteration from Russian, its weird byways and its implications, deserves an article to itself.

Mandelstam was shy, unpractical and little interested in politics. Such is our strange age that he nevertheless collided at various moments with the menacing world of power, with which he was 'only childishly linked' but which ultimately (in 1938) destroyed him, somewhere in Eastern Siberia. He appears before then to have escaped by a hairbreadth being shot as a dangerous enemy by the short-lived Menshevik government of Georgia; to have torn up a pile of death-warrants being filled in by a drunken terrorist, Blyumkin; to have been arrested in 1934 after reading a scurrilous epigram on Stalin; and to have been (temporarily) freed on Stalin's personal intervention after the latter rang up the astonished and alarmed Pasternak at a party to sound his opinion. Even while his work was half-forgotten these tragic and ironic episodes of his life were half-remembered, and to this day it seems that fact and rumour cannot properly be separated in the accounts that are current of his fate. But Professor Struve and Professor Brown at least bring some clarity into the confused picture and give us a tentatively reliable biography. In the last years before her death Anna Akhmatova proved an incomparable source of sensitive testimony about her lifelong friend. Her memoir on Mandelstam is to be found in the fourth number of the bulky *Yozhizhnyy puti*, an admirable publication that constitutes a genuine intellectual bridge between Soviet and émigré Russia (this number is full of interesting material—notably a Russian transcript of the extraordinary trial undergone by Akhmatova's protégé Joseph Brodsky).

But of all the curious and sinister encounters of Mandelstam's life it is one of the most trivial ones that will strike the modern reader of the notes to *Collected Works* as particularly improbable. In what was almost his sole venture into day-by-day journalism Mandelstam (doubtless because he was hard up) interviewed for *Gomony* a young Annamite aristocrat, Nguyen Ai Quoc—the only Annamite in Moscow, and a communist convert. He charmed Mandelstam with his soft, deep speech, his politeness of manner and his fantasy-plans for an international congress in 1947 (the interview took place in 1923). One wonders what impression Ho Chi Minh—for so he later came to call himself—took away from his part of the shy amateur poet-journalist, one year his junior.

If the rediscovery of Mandelstam could cause literary history to be revised, that of Zabolotsky should cause it to be rewritten. The standard book in English on Russian poetry (published in 1960) mentions in no more than a contemptuous aside Zabolotsky's 'whimsical voice' which at the first breath of official criticism was 'tamed into parody'. While some sort of praise—however perfunctory—was generally granted abroad to Mandelstam, Zabolotsky was until recently dismissed or ignored outside Russia, as well as within: after his extraordinary first volume *Stalbitsy* (Scrolls) and a few related poems had appeared in 1929-33, the leading émigré poet, Khodasevich, ridiculed him, in terms that outdid the sharp attacks of the Soviet RAPP activists. Yet critical opinion is now moving

towards a situation in which Zabolotsky will be accepted as the Soviet poet (the Soviet writer?) in a sense that Mayakovsky—who died in 1930, Pasternak (tambas) who from another cultural age of the greenhorns of the 'Thaw' generation cannot be. He is perhaps the only major poet on a European scale to have grown up under Soviet rule. He was fourteen at the Revolution. His first work is a startling product of the experimental and libertarian 1920s, he mingled into obscurity and eight years (1938-46) of exile, he enjoyed a late upsurge of creativity and finally a small measure of recognition, though his early poems have not been reprinted until now, before he died in 1958 he was a significant figure in the post-Stalin literary revival.

These bare bones of his story are enough to show how it spanned the major experiences which Soviet writers have undergone. They are now given flesh by the appearance of two simultaneously published editions, one from East and one from West, each individually less satisfactory (but collectively even more important) than the Mandelstam volumes. At last we have a published basis for resolving the questions which have hung in the air over Zabolotsky. How did *Stalbitsy*, with its virtuoso handling of outrageous metaphor and modernist poetic techniques, emerge from the pen of a young ex-convict from the remote Vyatka countryside? What if anything, links the early manner of Zabolotsky with the later? Was his change of style and subject-matter (from the urban-proletarian to the rural-epic) simply a distortion of his talent under the pressure of party-inspired criticism? The answers to these and similar questions are too involved for discussion here, but a diligent examination of these two volumes will reveal them.

From then Zabolotsky himself emerges with his creative integrity and nobility of character intact. This becomes clear not only from the text but also from the four critical articles appended: one in the Russian book, three in the American. His later poems are formally unexciting by the side of *Stalbitsy*, yet they have their own riches, and the transition from the one manner to the other can no longer be held to be abrupt, or to have done violence to the poet's inspiration. Indeed, the most satisfying part of his output may well be that which dates from the mid-1930s, having something of the virtues of both manners: smoothness of form and imagery, wide scope, together with a tension in the language and sudden strangeness of perception which are a legacy from his early days as an experimentalist. Above all Zabolotsky is seen to have been from first to last one of the more notable philosophical poets of our time. In *Stalbitsy* and related poems the arbitrary, tragicomic jumble of the world (specifically Leningrad under NEP), mirrored in language itself, continually affronts the poet's rational powers. From his earliest period onwards, however, Zabolotsky extends this vision of chaos to the whole of nature, impressively giving life and taking it away in all his remaining work he is basically attempting to order man's place within this beautiful, haphazard and ruthless environment. This feeling is sharpened by the continued apprehension of death, justifiable only as a stage in the metamorphosis between living beings which is the incessant rule of natural existence.

It is instructive to compare the virtues and faults of the two new editions of Zabolotsky. The American one gains by its greater wealth of editorial material, its good bibliography and the breadth of critical outlook of its several contributors. It loses by its understandable incompleteness and (in the introductory articles) a certain apparent critical uncertainty about how to approach this most individual but scantily-documented writer. A. Rannil's essay approaches him, not too appropriately, through Expressionism—a term which he inflates to

include almost the entire of Europe. All three articles, however, are of a high standard. To Nadson—but the whole looks like shadow-boxing. Zabolotsky's membership of some but important literary circles (the *Oberon*—is not mentioned; nor is his debt to the writing of this chief means of escape in the 1920s and 1930s) is not mentioned; nor is the only account of his quasi-religious sophy of natural metaphysics, N. Chukovsky in *Deti* (discussed by the compiler).

By contrast the Soviet edition almost casually returns to a remarkable, and previously unmarked, poem, 'The Russian poet's many translations: his verse for children. He has, account of the *Oberon*, the draft collected edition that, sky himself was preparing, death—an interesting if not a stage in so far as the poet, somewhat with *Stalbitsy*, indicate this). Though the Soviet edition are not available, this is one of the examples of its kind and, as the re-translation of Soviet studies.

Zabolotsky owed much to Mandelstam—they are classical Russian poets, faithful to the continual harmony through their own, sometimes obscure, approach to the world—and it is not one's rediscovery should be by the other. The study of Russian literature has reached a moment: if and when, a talent that remains unimpaired is revealed, the results, he rich indeed.

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so enormous that even a small fractional incursion into these funds,

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Here is a somewhat exaggerated

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repeating a disclaimer, offered in the preface to the book, of the inference that might be drawn from the presence of my name upon its title-page. The work was done by Mr. Howard, and his should be the credit for that 'not inconsiderable contribution to military history'.

JOHN SPARROW.

All Souls College, Oxford.

COUNSELS FOR DEFENCE

Sir,—Mr. Conquest (May 4) makes

great play about his scholarly acquaintance with facts, but as he is apparently

unable even to read a short letter without

misinterpreting it, I am not so impressed

as he is. I never charged him with favouring

British Rule in Ireland, and am at a loss

to know what he is talking about.

S. Henrietta St. London



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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## ANATOMY OF A PUBLICATION

"Mine is a long and a sad tale!" said the Mouse, writing to Alice, and sighing. "It is a long tale, certainly," said Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse's tail, "but why do you call it a tale?"

Once upon a time there was a simple dichotomy in the world of science: all the interesting work was published in English, French or German—at least, that was the convention—and the remainder could be safely ignored. True, there were a few characters such as Landau, Bogolyubov and so on, but people "in the know" knew about them anyway and there was no real problem. And then, in October, 1957, the first Sputnik went up and the situation changed virtually overnight. Publishers and learned societies became interested in almost anything scientific printed in Cyrillic characters and there has since been a flood of translations from "The Russian".

There are several agencies engaged in the wholesale translation of Russian books and periodicals, all of which are free of copyright restrictions. A farcical situation arose in the fullness of time when the same books began to be translated by two or three different firms and published at more or less the same time. This particular difficulty has now been resolved by the introduction of a Register of Translations by the British Publishers' Association and the Office of Technical Services in the United States. Nevertheless, "translations" continue to appear from time to time. The situation thus has all the makings of a laboratory farce. There is even a recognizable variant of pidgin English known as "translatoese" ("transjargonisation") being an American term for a particular form of it. To crown it all, there is an unpublicized case of an English language publication which was translated into Russian and then back into English from the translation by an agency which did not at first realize the implications of this for the exponential growth of published scientific information which is worrying everyone just now (it is nearly as bad as the population explosion).

The explanation is frequently financial. The total capital and running expenditure on science is now so enormous that even a small fractional incursion into these funds, which must, of course, provide for the purchase of scientific publications, yields large sums of money. Here is a somewhat exaggerated example. A recent publication in the *Library of Theology*, published by the University Press in 1951, bears my name. After that of Mr. Michael Howard, on its title-page. I undertook to write that History on leaving the Regiment at the end of the war; but the claims of professional work prevented me from doing more than lay the plan of the whole book and write its first chapter, and the task was then taken over and carried to completion by Mr. Howard; to call the part I played there-

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incidentally, publishes a list of its own holdings of Russian publications through H.M. Stationery Office.

Apart from these questions, there is the problem of cost. Our review copy of the "book" was submitted to a well-known firm specializing in this type of composition (in fact, essentially typewriter setting) for an estimate of the possible total cost. The answer was that 500 copies could be produced for a total outlay of approximately £300. Clearly, the rewards of this operation appear to be quite substantial.

There seems to be a definite need for further research into this field. Since publications of this kind cannot be purchased by individuals (certainly not at £8 a copy) the conclusion must be that one is dealing here with what is known as "library sale", i.e. public funds. There is evidence that many such publications are bought on the strength of the title or subject alone and it would be nice to be reassured by the knowledge that some kind of control (rather than mere automation!) is being exercised.

## Letters to the Editor

FREE EDUCATION

Sir, The freedom of the universities may well be in danger but I find it difficult to believe that our rulers ensure that "unpleasant" ideas are put in charge of the universities. Vice-chancellors are selected by the universities themselves. The government, whether Conservative or Socialist, has nothing to do with such appointments and could not, even if it wished, exploit the hierarchical structure of the universities. Nor do I think it justifiable to suggest that "a reputation for being awkward is tantamount to professional suicide" and that only yes-men obtain promotion. Promotion at this university is decided by external as well as internal considerations and the only relevant considerations are the value of a candidate's published work and his ability as a teacher. It is the deplorable quota restriction, which denies promotion to many deserving candidates.

I may add that in some departments, including my own, policy is decided by all members of staff, the assistant lecturer and the professor each having a vote.

KENNETH MUIR.

The University of Liverpool, Department of English Literature.

CLEARING THE AIR

Sir,—Your review of Lord Tedder's *Memoirs* (April 27), in the course of a learned and entertaining survey of contemporary writing in military history, mentions with commendation no fewer than the Fellows of All Souls, the late C. R. F. M. Crutwell, Captain Cyril Falls, Sir Keith Hancock, Mr. Robert Rhodes James, Professor Norman Gibbs, and Professor Michael Howard—predicting for the last pair a fruitful collaboration in the College under the watchful eye of the Warden. That watchful eye cannot overlook a further, and far too kind, reference to its owner: your reviewer speaks of the Warden's "own history of his Regiment" and calls it "no inconsiderable contribution to military history". It is true that *The History of the Coldstream Guards, 1920-1946*, published by the Oxford University Press in 1951, bears my name. After that of Mr. Michael Howard, on its title-page. I undertook to write that History on leaving the Regiment at the end of the war; but the claims of professional work prevented me from doing more than lay the plan of the whole book and write its first chapter, and the task was then taken over and carried to completion by Mr. Howard; to call the part I played there-

after "either "supervision" or "collaboration" would suggest a very exaggerated idea of my share in the work. I am glad to take the opportunity of repeating a disclaimer, offered in the preface to the book, of the inference that might be drawn from the presence of my name upon its title-page. The work was done by Mr. Howard, and his should be the credit for that 'not inconsiderable contribution to military history'.

JOHN SPARROW.

All Souls College, Oxford.

COUNSELS FOR DEFENCE

Sir,—Mr. Conquest (May 4) makes

great play about his scholarly acquaintance with facts, but as he is apparently

unable even to read a short letter without

misinterpreting it, I am not so impressed

as he is. I never charged him with favouring

British Rule in Ireland, and am at a loss

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# WHICH MAN, IN WHICH NOVEL?

WHEN THE NOVELS before about 1830 are under discussion, they are commonly assumed to have been aspiring to a condition of realism. This assumption arises not only from the numerical preponderance of realistic novels taken into account, but also to the fact that realism can easily be thought of as a progressive convention, a tradition whose development can be conceived in extremely simple terms.

We observe, for instance, that Fielding can individualize Squire Western by his manner of speech but fails to do so with many of his less obviously comic characters, whereas Jane Austen individualizes virtually all her characters by the way they talk. In this, we say, she is more realistic. Increasing plausibility of plot and the avoidance of melodramatic contrivances are other manifestations of the same supposed tendency. It is less usual than it was to treat later novels in this way, but with the exception of Sterne—a writer who is relegated to footnotes more often than most—the novelists of the eighteenth century are quite likely to be dealt with in this way. Their divergences from the conventions of realism can easily be attributed to forgivable inefficiency or to the residual influence of other literary traditions. The novel, critics are always apt to say, was slowly ridding itself of alien elements and discovering its true nature.

It is for this reason that Professor Donovan's *The Shaping Vision* is welcome: he writes mostly about the eighteenth century and he is concerned with how the tradition of fiction as a literary form came to be developed, but he is well aware of the danger of setting up narrow concepts of the norm. He states roundly at the beginning that one of his assumptions is that: "Every novel is exactly what it is, not a shadowy and imperfect rendering of some unrealized ideal novel." The bulk of his book consists of studies of the major novelists from Defoe to Dickens; most of them are relatively elementary, but on the less well-trodden ground he is a useful

guide. A chapter which contrasts *Redgauntlet* and *Henry Esmond* as modes of historical fiction, for example, is perceptive and helpful. We may forgive him the implications of calling *Tristram Shandy* an "anti-novel" for the sake of a discussion of novels, especially eighteenth-century ones, in their own terms rather than in terms of evolution or of the documentation practised by those who are, in his own words, "less interested in literary form than in social and intellectual backgrounds".

Professor Steeves, who has emerged from retirement to produce a work of unashamed popularization, is certainly one of those who find it most natural to talk about novels in terms of social history. In *Before Jane Austen* he summarizes plots, writes chapters on aspects of eighteenth-century life and provides a most interesting collection of contemporary illustrations. He accepts an evolutionary view of the development of fiction, though disclaiming the evolutionary metaphor, and sees his chosen subject as a very primitive stage of development. Of *Gulliver's Travels* he says that it is "one of the things that pleased readers before the chemically pure novel came into existence" and of Jane Austen:

Miss Austen's Johnsons never exceed the standards of "elegance" still current in her time. Yet even in her dialogue she shows Johnson's circumspect and confining tradition upon which she had to build, so her writing lacks some of the ease and grace of plain English that remained to be rediscovered by later novelists.

Professor Steeves's book is something of a curiosity in that it appears out of its time, a monument to a past standard of judgment: Mrs. Spearman's *The Novel and Society* is an oddity of a different kind. Her aim is to discuss how far the works of Defoe, Richardson and Fielding can be said to reflect the society of their age, and her starting point is a controversion of the claim that the novel is essentially a middle-class form. She brings to her investigation a prodigious width of reading in medieval and Oriental literature and, apparently, a training as a sociologist. She is able to demonstrate that neither Mme. de Lafayette nor the Lady Murasaki were of the middle classes and that novelists are influenced by their day dreams and by non-novelistic writing. But it is a man of straw whom she destroys. She takes critical utterances with astonishing literal-mindedness and achieves effects of misleading precision by quoting articles as authorities in the manner in which research papers are cited in the exact sciences. Cross-fertilization of disciplines may be valuable and there are moments when her width of reading enables her to make a shrewd point, but she seems not to understand fully what critics mean when they speak of literature reflecting its age. She takes into account only questions of the exactness of documentary accounts of common life.

She proves her case beyond any doubt, but we knew it already. Critics who wish to discuss the relationship of novels to society during the past hundred years obviously cannot confine themselves to questions of documentary representation; they are forced to consider how even fantasies bear the marks of their age. This can, and often does, open the way to generalizations rather wider and less securely based than those we encounter in any other civility of academic discipline. When critics of eighteenth-century literature raise their eyes from the page they talk of the position of women in middle-class society; critics of modern literature tend to talk of the Existential Plight of Modern Man. Criticism of Fielding is often social history in masquerade; criticism of Joyce is often the substitute theology of a secular age.

Both Professor Walcutt and Mr. Friedman believe passionately that the quality of our lives is both reflected in and influenced by fiction. They both feel the need to extract a discernible line of development from the novels which have been written during the past hundred years or so. The judgments of value which they reach are almost diametrically opposed, yet their readings of the books upon which they base the judgments are remarkably similar. Both, it should be emphasized, are often good critics when dealing with individual works. Professor Walcutt, for example, has an excellent section on Henry James and Mr. Friedman on E. M. Forster. Moreover, Professor Walcutt charms us by saying that he has "elected to work with a relatively small number of fictional exhibits" and going on to discuss more than fifty books, and Mr. Friedman by starting with a comparison between *The Young Visitors* and *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*. But they would agree that their books stand or fall in the long run by the theses which they present.

Mr. Friedman's main argument in *The Turn of the Novel* is very clear; he states it on the first page: The traditional premise about the design of experience which was profoundly, if variously, embodied in the eighteenth and nineteenth century novel, was the premise of a closed experience. That is, to say, the novel traditionally rendered an expanding moral and emotional disturbance which promised all along to arrive, after its greatest climax, at an ending that would and could check that foregoing expansion. And so it did, more or less: first more, then less. But in the twentieth century a new assumption about the nature and the end of experience slowly came to dominate the form. My theme and the argument of this book is the existence in the novel of a gradual historical shift from a closed form to an open form.

His heroes are Hardy, Conrad, Forster, Lawrence and Joyce, and he salutes Nabokov, Beckett and William Burroughs, who "seem anti-rational and anti-moral" but who effect, because of their refusal to bring the experience of their books to a resolution, "an ethical statement in its own right". The book ends with a paean which asserts that the modern novel structures and informs the self of the reader by its true ending, either an ever-widening disorder or a finally open "order" which embraces all the opposed directions on whatever ethical compass it has brought along for the trip. Like the modern cosmos, the modern novel is ever expanding, and it is racing away fastest at its outermost reaches.

It is clear that in a number of their key examples their case is shaky. A central point of Professor Walcutt's case, for example, is the representative significance of the famous passage in Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in which Stephen Dedalus concludes his discussion with Lynch on aesthetics with mention of the artist "within or behind or beyond or above his handling, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails". This must be one of the most commonly misinterpreted passages in English literature and Professor Walcutt accepts the normal view that it is a proclamation of the moral neutrality of the artist, thus enabling himself to cast Joyce as the villain who opened the floodgates. Read in its context, the passage is saying nothing of the kind; Stephen Dedalus is talking in part about a technical matter of storytelling and in part he is asking for what Keats called "negative capability".

Professor Walcutt traces the growth of the character-action relation in three stages. First only the story mattered, and the character appeared in the deed. Then came the notion of a motive apart from the deed. And third, the romantic idea of a self that could not be expressed fully by any deed leads to the contemporary mode that presents the aimless hero in the plotless novel, a character (or un-character) left in a void by the absence of clear firm issues to which he can respond with significant choices. It is here that life may be copying art, rather than the reverse. This, too, is a pilgrimage is followed from Jane Austen, the example of the perfect expression of character in action, through Conrad and Melville, where ideas seem to mean more than characters, to Joyce, the great villain in which there is no observer to take up a moral position. This, Professor Walcutt says, leads to ambiguity of the concept of moral detachment of author from subject, and this to "a hundred versions of the diminished self", of which one example is *Madame Bovary*, a continued dribble of words exerted by verbal twitches.

Professor Walcutt is prepared to use almost any stick to beat modern novels and this weakens the force of his argument. The claim that modern psychology (which Mr. Friedman would have as a liberating force) turns characters into puppets is not strengthened by restating it on an account of the volte-face brought about by the defending lawyer at the end of Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny*. But it is clear that, trimmed of its wider appeals to true American values, his argument goes parallel with that of Mr. Friedman.

They both have interesting resemblances to part of the argument of Laurence Lerner. Most of *The Truth-tellers* is a sound but somewhat pedestrian discussion of his three chosen writers and he is far less concerned to fit a lot of writers into a pattern. But he sees fiction as a developing genre and discusses at some length the effect of psychology in teaching us about forces which Mr. Friedman believes to be liberating and Professor Walcutt debasing. His conclusion is that Jane Austen is a pre-Romantic, believing in the restraint of impulse; George Eliot is a positive Romantic, in whose work are released impulses of love and secular moral aspirations; D. H. Lawrence is a Romantic subversive, in whose works are released all those forces of cruelty, horror and egoism which Nietzsche defined so well. In saying that this typology can be made "with delicious and dangerous ease", Mr. Lerner is admitting what Mr. Friedman and Professor Walcutt never recognize or, recognizing, ignore. Their generalizations are heady stuff and they give to literature and to critics a vast significance. But we must ask—dull though the questions seem after these vast perspectives—whether they are made a little too easily, whether, in fact, they depend upon an arbitrary selection of works and an arbitrary interpretation of those selected.

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## UNDER THE BIOLOGIST'S KNIFE

P. B. MEDAWAR: *The Art of the Soluble*. 159pp. Methuen. 25s.

Biologists have always provided a large and eloquent proportion of the scientists who are prepared to stoop to explain to the layman the implications of their work. Sir Peter Medawar is one who, having earned a high reputation in his subject, has assumed the mantle of Elijah. He has much in common with his spiritual forbear, Spencer, the Huxleys and Haldane are perhaps the best known in this country—and like most of them he is not afraid to let his pen wander to the point of speculation. He also has a mildly ironical style of writing and an ability to express himself tersely, both of which are likely to commend him to the modern reader.

Here eight of his essays are reprinted, all having first appeared within the past ten years. Each of the first five concerns a different man: D'Arcy Thompson, Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Teilhard de Chardin are the subjects of literary autopsy, and in Arthur Koestler's case there is an attempted vivisection. Professor Medawar's sharp but kindly knife is put aside during most of the last three essays, in which he surveys trends in biology, and in attitudes to the nature and purpose of science. Is science the mere accumulation of fact? There are many scientists who pay lip-service to the idea that it is not, but who nevertheless act as though it were. Truth, at the one extreme, is said to reside in Nature, waiting to be wrested out. In the "romantic" conception of science, what is true yields place to the imaginative grasp of what might be. The first group emphasizes the existence of a set of infallible scientific procedures, science knew "The Method" long before it was known to drama. The romantics

underline the need for men of genius, capable of using their imagination in the slightly irrational and inexplicable manner of the poet. Professor Medawar points to the English resistance to "Pure Research" as a manifestation of the fact that poetry has in England traditionally been held in esteem. Just as we tend to look on commissioned poetry as a contradiction in terms, so we esteem that part of science most which supposedly cannot be commissioned. But poetic inspiration is not a valid guide to imaginative activity in its forms. Neither purely nor usefully enters into the scientist's evaluation of his own research. We prize purity, it is said, because "pure science is a gentler and even creditable activity for scientists in universities" whereas "applied science, with all its horrid connotations of trade, has no place on the campus". This essay, "Two conceptions of science", is one of the best in the book, and in his plea for a change of attitude it is impossible not to admire Professor Medawar's optimism.

The next essay, "Hypothesis and imagination" (first printed in these columns, October 25, 1963), is a more specific account of the scientific procedure. On the scientific mind and method, on deduction and the so-called hypothetico-deductive view of science, and on the nature of experiment, Professor Medawar has little to say which has not been said before; but seldom has it been said so attractively. The same is true of the essay "A biological retrospect", which among other things notes the disappearance of protoplasmic slime in the "quiet revolution" leading to the current structural view of the physical basis of life. To return to the first five essays,

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## MIND READINGS

*Motivation*. Edited by Dolbir Bindra and Jane Stewart. 352pp. *Experiments in Visual Perception*. Edited by M. D. Vernon. 443pp. *Attitudes*. Edited by Marie Jahoda and Neil Warren. 375pp. *Personality Assessment*. Edited by Boris Semeonoff. 443pp. Penguin. 8s. 6d. each.

In America it has recently become fashionable to produce paperback volumes composed of articles reprinted from periodical literature. In psychology alone, at least four separate series of so-called "Readings" have appeared within the past few years, for the most part built around topics of current interest and often easily accessible work. These compilations are evidently intended primarily for undergraduate consumption. The idea seems to be to expose the student to the raw material of psychological research, uncontaminated by the judgment of lecturer or textbook writer. And so in a sense they do. On the other hand, they might be thought to provide far too much detail and far too little guidance to have a real educational function. In the ordinary way, students are referred to journal articles by tutors or lecturers, and gradually learn to use the journals in a selective and critical fashion. The proliferation of volumes of "Readings" may well discourage critical enterprise and intellectual resourcefulness on the

part of students. At all events, no proper inquiry into the educational merits, if any, of this form of compilation ever seems to have been undertaken. In this innovation as in so much else, British psychology is now aping the American model. Under the general editorship of Professor Brian Foss and a distinguished advisory board, Penguin Books have launched their new series of Modern Psychology readings, of which these four are the first. Ultimately, it is hoped to achieve a more or less complete coverage of the major topics of current interest. More than twenty-five volumes are projected, of which a further five are promised later this year.

In *Motivation*, Dr. Bindra and Dr. Stewart have provided a very reasonable selection of excerpts from books and papers dealing with what once were called "the springs of action". From the original idea of "instinctive energy", which we owe to James Freud and McDougall, we reach the concept of "drive" as it has developed in modern Behaviourist psychology. There are useful extracts from Woodworth, Hull, Hebb and others more recent. There is also a well-presented discussion of the role of drive and reinforcement in learning, which has so oddly obsessed American psychologists. Although there is a short extract from Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Psychology*, which appeared in 1872, more than half the papers in this volume date from the 1950s. This is a well-organized volume within its rather narrow frame of reference.

Professor Magdalen Vernon's *Experiments in Visual Perception* has been compiled with this author's characteristic regard for good facts, good sense and good judgment. She gives us thirty-nine extracts from the journals, mostly experimental reports, and covering the general field of vision research in its psychological aspects. Among the topics considered are the perception of form, depth and distance, the constancy phenomena, movement perception and the influence of subjective factors upon perceptual judgment. She also includes four short extracts from Professor Piaget's work on the development of perception in young children. In spite of its excellence, readers

of Professor Vernon's book may have some real difficulty in relating the experiments described to their historical and theoretical contexts. Many of them clearly reflect the influence of the Gestalt theory, and were important at the time mainly in relation to this theory. But Gestalt theory is today a spent force. Indeed current work on visual perception seems closer to that of Helmholtz and the great nineteenth-century pioneers than to the Gestalt revolution. For this reason, it is perhaps a pity that nothing written before 1920 has been included.

*Attitudes* takes us well over the border from general into social psychology. Although the use of the term "attitude" in its modern semi-technical sense goes back only some thirty years, the study, measurement and manipulation of "social attitudes" is already a flourishing psychological industry. Not surprisingly, almost all the work assembled in this book dates from the past fifteen years and all but three of the papers are American.

Finally we come to *Personality Assessment*, edited with skill and judgment by Dr. Boris Semeonoff. Although the bulk of the papers deal with technical and methodological problems, Dr. Semeonoff wisely includes short selections from writers such as Galton, Allport, Jung and Rorschach, whose work and ideas have done so much to shape modern work on personality and its assessment. But it is odd that he has chosen nothing from Kurt Lewin.

A rough count of the sources of the papers and excerpts in these four volumes bears frightening testimony to the dominance of American psychology in the minds of British academics. Out of 128 excerpts, no fewer than ninety-eight have been extracted from American sources, as compared with fourteen from British, nine from German and six from French or Swiss sources. There is one paper from Scandinavia but nothing whatsoever from Russia.

While the idea of this series is certainly laudable, it must be admitted that the initiators have done extremely well and in some respects surpassed their American models. There is a genuine respect for quality and real trouble has been taken throughout.

It is certainly not easy to find logic of a recognizable sort in Teilhard. Professor Medawar tries to soften his criticism a little in the new introduction (the review is now six years old). He now professes to prefer Teilhard's "dotty, euphoristic kind of nonsense" to "solemn long-faced Germanic nonsense". It is doubtful whether this is an allusion to Arthur Koestler's *Act of Creation*, reviewed in the following essay and commended for its vitality, although some of the explanations contained in that work are said to be "simply analgesic pills which dull the aches of incomprehension without going to their causes". After many specific criticisms, Professor Medawar accuses Koestler of a failure to consider alternative psychological theories to his own. Koestler's reply, and Professor Medawar's answer, are printed here and will delight the connoisseur of sardonic altercation.

The remaining essay concerns Darwin and the nature of the illness from which he suffered for some forty years. In 1904 Professor Saul Adler presented strong evidence for Darwin's having caught the South American disease known as *Chaga's disease*. It had previously been fashionable to find psychogenic explanations of his ailments, and Professor Medawar has unearthed some superb nonsense in this connexion. He admits that there might have been neurosis associated with the physical illness, but will not forgo a provocative aside in the introduction, in which he questions the value of psychoanalysis; people improve under psychoanalytic treatment, but there are no grounds for holding that the treatment is the cause of the cure. This is a provocative passage indeed, and one of the few where the argument is left hanging in the air.

Professor Medawar proceeds to demolish what arguments he can discern. The curious thought about Teilhard's speculative thought is that Julian Huxley found it "always disciplined to logic". However easy it may be in general to justify the axiom that the French are a logical nation,

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writings were strewn thick with the names of German scholars and German theories known to few in America (and to few in England, apart from people like Poggendorf, Murt-

interest in Howard Irving, the real battlefield, were in Göttingen and Marburg and Tübingen. But it was an interest that was not merely academic. Schaff knew even better than Nevins how much learning was becoming a substitute for belief in Germany. (It was, it might be pointed out, not to study German theology, but what we now call "Semitics" that Percy went to Germany and he was scandalized by the absence of piety as much as he was impressed by the presence of learning beyond the range of Oxford in the German theological faculties. Only Tholuck met his double standard.)

that was John Kehle, but his equivalent of the Assize sermon, the Harrisburg "keynote sermon" of 1843, had no such long-term results. Did not Nevins talk of the "cult" of individual rights? Did he not suggest that for Timothy Dwight, the preeminent ornament of that conservative college, Yale, the celebration of the Eucharist was simply an ecclesiastical version of the Fourth of July? This was the true American Protestantism, which is not at dead.

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Professor Vallentyne

more and more realized, even in the churches, that "Americanism is not

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## ARGUMENT ABOUT GOD

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of a divine "philosophy of history." The classical Christian tradition has resorted to paradox, but in the modern world where the scientific

## HARD TO STOMACH

may feel that he is being asked to slip the leash a little tighter, slipped close, so on a lesser level has to cover once more ground that he John Robinson, but the flaw is not in

duces very well, he is constantly brought up sharply by the sense that the discussion is in fresh hands, and that Professor Ogden is taking his life in vain without subservience. He is loath to summarize, but he does seem to hold that a whole area of the problem of the reality of God has been made unnecessarily difficult by treating God as an object separable from other objects for the purpose of analysis. He would say that on the contrary we are discussing a universal encountered everywhere, the visible meaning of every consideration, a reality occupying centre as well as the fringes of thought.

As a rigorous philosopher, and certainly not Professor Ogden, can be unaware that in handling the idea of God he is trying to deal with something that in the last resort will not submit to analysis, and that the echoes of the Athanasian Creed will be not far from the best that the

men but in the reasoning, which will not go quite the whole way.

All this comes out very clearly when Professor Ogden is dealing with God in history or discussing what is meant by saying that Jesus is "Lord". The paradoxical nature of the problem is obviously considerable. "The Word was made flesh," and there is immediately the problem of "the two natures" -- God's chosen people," and we are confronting the question

## PRIESTS

*The Chronicle of the Worker Priest Winduss. 356pp. Merlin Press*

No clear indication is given of the original text of this untidily arranged account of the history of the French worker-priest movement, in which a factual chronicle is interspersed with an anonymous commentary. Much of the passion aroused by the move-

## PRIESTS AT WORK

Edited and translated by Stanley  
25a.

perhaps Rome was wiser than many people suspected, for what was at stake was not merely the preservation of a priestly caste from the taint of political action and industrial involvement. Soon after the experiment came to an end the Second Vatican Council was called into being, and many of the problems posed by the workers' priests were to find expression in its decrees—notably in the Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World. The work of imple-

Modern world. The work of unpeeling the decrees is another matter, it is true, and what was learned in France in the years immediately after the last war is immediately relevant to that task. There is need for a serious assessment of the worker priest movement in view of the Church's mission today, and although the *Chronicle* provides some useful hints it is altogether too slight and haphazard a compilation to be of real use in forming a judgment.

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